

**By ISABEL OSTRANDER**

land of Intrigue," "Suspense," "Ashes to Ashes," etc.  
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## SYNOPSIS

He would be thief, then the paternal residence of Eugene Christopher Breveling. He runs out again instantly and the man protests he had "nothing else" to say with what a "dare."

On the floor of a room on the second floor, the front of his door is covered with blood and by his door is a huge army revolver. The table is laid for two, with champagne on ice still waiting to be opened for two human beings. Breveling has led a wild life. He associated with the wealthy, and at one time was spoken of as a millionaire.

Mrs. Breveling is now working in her efforts to bring the murderer to justice. Alexander, partner in law with Breveling, objects to her actively and desire to unearth the mystery. The dead man is reported to have been a victim of the slay. The woman who had left the house in a rage. There had been a robbery of some jewels, and also, Mrs. Breveling's money disappeared.

Breveling's valet had been placed in prison on suspicion of the murder, but released for lack of evidence. He is now kept watch of by his officers.

"But why?" Dennis spoke cautiously out of the side of his capacious mouth. "Why don't he run him in again and bring him up before the magistrate to be held for trial?" He yawned and got a clear chair, against him, sitting and abetting that woman to jump her bail; that's what the legal phrase is called it."

"Instantly, if it's not too late for the first editions, the inspector is going to

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

FIFTH from the corner; got a cracked yellow lamp over the vestibule; I can't miss it."

"Thanks. I'll look in on you again when I'm down this way. Good night."

Out on the street once more, McCarty and Dennis made their way to the house indicated without delay and halted in the vestibule while the former scrutinized the cards in the bell plate.

"Here they are. Fourth floor," he observed. "If Mrs. Hildreth is the dame I think she is, she'll not be answering ring at this time of night."

"There'll be no need, for some one's left the door open," Dennis pushed open the door and spoke. "You can make me excuse to get her to let us in. Come on."

see that every morning newspaper carries the word that he's been released for lack of evidence and is back at the Coughing house," McCarty responded.

"You will be there to see that he don't get out again or send any messages and to trace and report any phone calls that may come for him."

"I got you!" A light broke over Dennis' face. "You think the woman will maybe try to reach him there where she learns that he's out again and back on his job?"

McCarty nodded.

"She doesn't know that he's been in the neighborhood here tonight, nor that he led us straight to her. He'll keep on believing that she's safe enough and think we're only guarding him on his way out," he turned to the clerk who was watching them with curious eyes. "What are your hours here?"

"Eight to eight," the latter replied, still staring.

In silence they mounted the creaking stairs, though an old woman in a nightgown and slippers came down from the fourth floor, and passed before the rear door upon which was nailed a card bearing the name of W. H. Hildreth, written in a small, neat hand.

"I guess the front flat is empty, for there's no card up here," said the woman, as she passed the "bell downstairs."

Dennis whispered, "What are you going to do, Mac?" Take a chance and knock on the door, he thought.

"Not if I can get in peaceable," McCarty replied in a whisper. "I'm going to be real slick, Dennis. Hold me up."

The old woman and realistic groan seemed imply against his friend with suddenness that the surprised Dennis was hurled by the door and recovered himself in time. Another man welled from McCarty's throat and a third before the door was open and the two men slipped in. The man opened cautiously and a woman peered out. She was tall and Juanesque in build, with a high forehead and a long, sliding over either shoulder and great, old, blue eyes darkened now with apprehension and concern. Her loose, dark hair was pulled down in thin strands, and the light of the flaring gas jet on the hall gleamed softly on her

"Where do you live?"

"Room 10," said the janitor. "The woman takes care of my four kids, but I wouldn't feel easy about 'em if they weren't here in the same building as I am. I don't know who they are, anyway? It seems to me you're asking a lot of questions around here—!"

"And I'm liable to be asking a lot more from you, McCarty," said Dennis firmly. "We're from police headquarters, if you want to know."

The clerk gripped the edge of the showcase. "Those—those Hildreths—?"

"Have you been on every night this week?"

"No," said the clerk, interrupted.

"Yes, sir."

"Is there any other public telephone booth in the neighborhood?"

"None any place," she says open all night."

The clerk seemed to be gathering his dazed faculties.

"What time do you get calls from here between midnight and early morning?"

The clerk shook his head.

"Did any body call in here and use that phone last night?"

"Certainly: a lot of people early in the evening, but after midnight—" He raised his hand.

"No one came in here to phone after

Dennis gasped with astonishment and prophetic admiration at the vision and stepped back as the woman asked just that a trace of an accent. "What's that?" "Somebody is ill," McCarthy straightened and his feet leaped out to the doorsill. "What?" "Hewie!" "But he's not lost!" At his first word a sudden change came over her expression. Before his foot could intercept McCarthy slammed the door. In his face and heared belt shoot into it.

"We've got to work fast now; down that until—until half-past 4 in the morning."

"Who was that?" McCarthy asked. "Some one from the neighborhood that you know?"

"It was Mr. Hildreth. I was surprised, for he looked very bad and I thought that he must be sick and have some doctor called for him, but I saw that he only wanted to use the phone. He went in the booth and closed the door and I didn't hear what number he called. I have been a nurse for some one for he was only in there a minute. When he came out he looked so pale."

the door?  
"Yes," said Dennis lunged, "but I'm a better shot than your brother, and I'll hit him in the shoulder."  
"Hearing him, at the same moment the sound of a subdued crash came from within. At first the stout bolt resisted their efforts, but finally it snapped with a loud report, precipitating them into the hall. In the doorway, however, two men facing them stood open-mouthed at their emptiness at a glance, but a third at the back was closed and they rushed toward it. It was bolted, as the empty door had been, but its flimsy fastenings were at the first onslaught and they found themselves in their kitchen. No other door led from it, but its single window was wide open, far-escape showing beyond and a row of flowering geraniums lay overhanging, their red earthen pots shattered.

At a bound they had crossed the room and craned their necks out into the night. Lights were springing up in one or two of the rear windows across the street. A mass of clotheslines, but no human figure was visible on the fire escape nor the yard beneath.

"Well," vouchsafed Dennis after a pause in which an eloquent glance had passed between them: "I hope the next time you see one they're wanted and you'll have your hands on them. But Martin did not make the only bonedead job, the night!"

"I know what you've got against the old drabber," said she, "but I don't intend to trouble you with it. I can't know for they've been good customers here and pleasant to deal with. I'd never believe a word against Mrs. Hildreth, anyway."

"But she didn't come in here often," McCarty eyed him quizzically. "When did you see her last?"

There was a pause and then the clerk's reply with evident reluctance: "Ever since this morning."

"How early?"

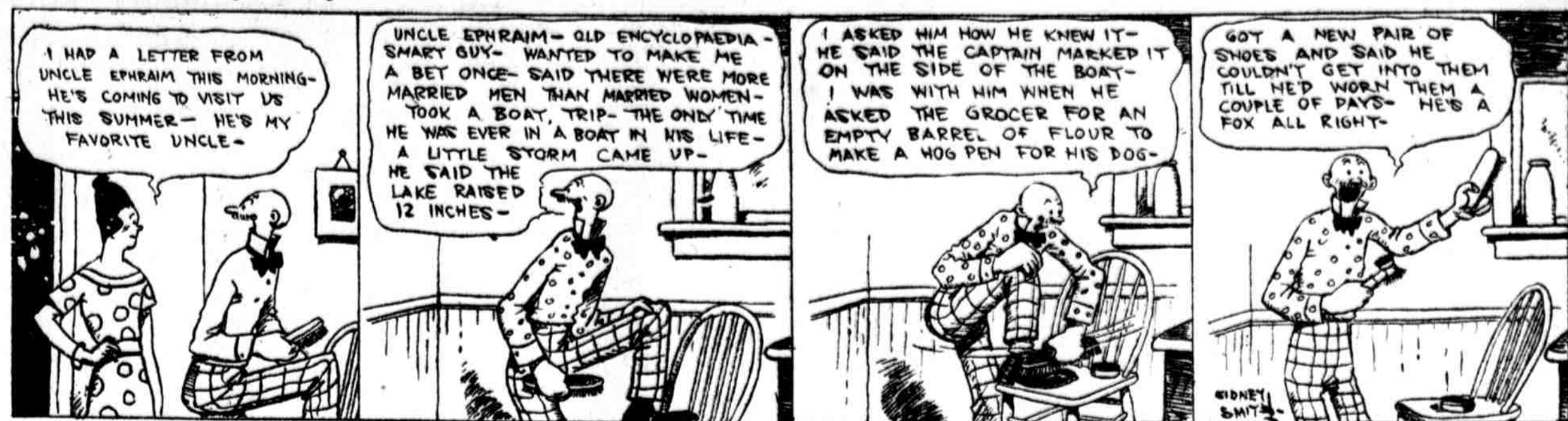
"I suppose I'd better tell you: you fellows would find out somehow. It

## CHAPTER XIII

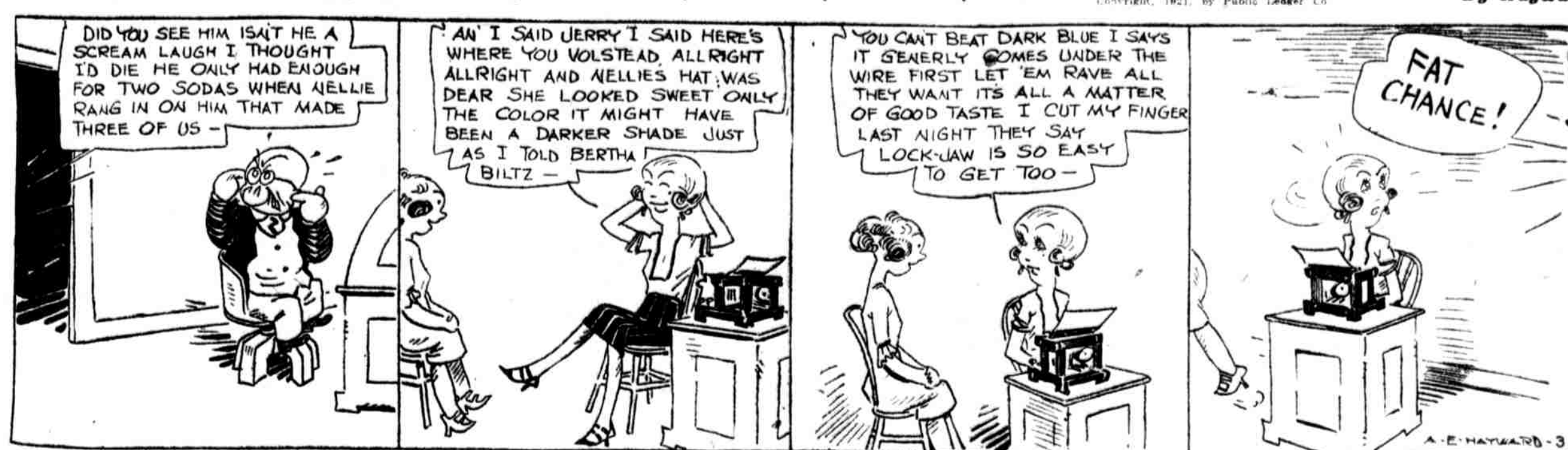
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CONTINUED TOMORROW

### THE GUMPS—Uncle Ephraim Again



### SOMEBODY'S STENOGRAPH—The Old Crab

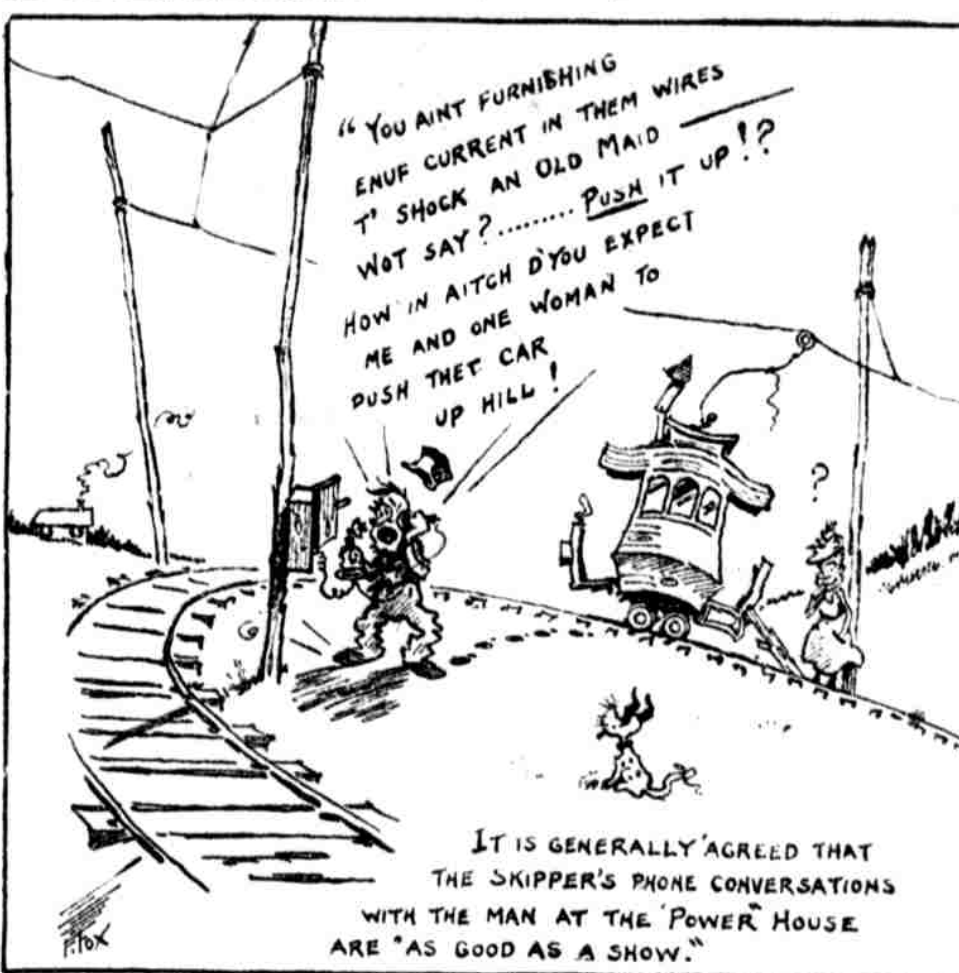


### The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says she sees President Harding is thinking of visiting Alaska this summer and she hopes he'll profit by President Wilson's experience and not accept any gifts from royalty while there.

### THE TOONERVILLE TROLLEY



IT IS GENERALLY AGREED THAT  
THE SKIPPER'S PHONE CONVERSATION  
WITH THE MAN AT THE "POWER" HOUSE  
ARE "AS GOOD AS A SHOW."

## SCHOOL DAYS



## THE DUMMY →

### ***PETEY—All He Needs Now Is a Stake***



### THE CLANCY KIDS—The Team's Bat in Jeopardy



*By Percy L. Crosby*